Dull And Rusted Blade

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/68381231.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Silmarillion and other histories of Middle-Earth - J. R. R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings - J. R. R. Tolkien
Relationships:	Annatar/Celebrimbor (Tolkien), Celebrimbor/Sauron (Tolkien)
Characters:	Annatar (Tolkien), Celebrimbor (Tolkien), Sauron
Additional Tags:	silvergifting, Fanfic of Fanfic, Fanfiction of Fanfiction, Regret
Language:	English
Collections:	Fandom Diversity Fest Reflection and Regret
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-30 Words: 594 Chapters: 1/1

Dull And Rusted Blade

by SwordofRebecca

Summary

> “Regret is a dull and rusted blade.”

Notes

> This fic was sparked by The Harrowing, but ended up being an extra fanfic of fanfic for In Full Measure, I Return to You(this fanfic is incredibly provocative/evocative). Also based on a song called “Regret” by Assemblage 23. Even though this is fanfic of fanfic, I don’t think it’s necessary to read the primary story. All you need is a basic idea of what happened in the Silmarillion/Lord of the Rings and think “what if Celebrimbor managed to win Sauron over because they loved each other”?

- Inspired by In Full Measure I Return To You by thearrogantemu

He will never not be the one Annatar hurt the most. It goes without saying, but it never goes without thinking or dreaming of what might have been if certain choices had been made.

Annatar has no regrets in the now, not with knowing that the one he loves is alive again, breathing the cool air of morning, his body warm, his heartbeat strong, his lovely hands always at work, and his smile the definition of brightness, even beyond the Two Trees of old.

There is a dull and rusted blade on the ground. Annatar does not know how it got there, but there it is and it's taken in hand. /So this is what regret is/. He remembers the knife he once used to cut his beloved Tyelperinquar or Tyelpe or Celebrimbor. Annatar briefly smiles. They have many names, but the reminder cuts through him not with the sharp one, but the one that would hurt far more.

"Oh no!" Celebrimbor is suddenly in front of him. "We can't leave it like that! I wonder who left it here." He takes the knife away from Annatar's loose grip. "It's iron, I see." He smiles and the sun is brighter now. "I can fix this." He sighs. "Oh wait! We can fix this!"

"We can indeed," Annatar says, thinking of Middle Earth.

It doesn't take much, not for these two, but Annatar chooses only to watch those hands at work. A little lemon, a little salt, a little time, those hands gently scrubbing with a sponge. Time. They have all the time in the world.

/This is what you do with regret, but it does not change what it is/. Annatar thinks, knowing that Celebrimbor will know of such thoughts and it's okay. What might have been should not be dwelled on, Annatar knows this, but he wants it all.

The dreams are a list of deeds, terrible deeds that affected the one he loves more than anyone, but Annatar does not forget the others, countless others no matter how they are viewed. He needs the reminders of all that he has done, the pain that he has caused, to give him the strength to carry on, and undo all his harms.

Annatar hears the sound of a whetstone against the knife and watches. He has no regrets crying over those firm hands. He has no regrets holding them close to his chest, and certainly no regrets of knowing that they will be together until the end of time itself. He only wishes that it never had to be /that way/. The way of Rings, the way of the One, the way of demands, the way of war, torture, and mutual death. If only Sauron wasn`t Sauron when it mattered most.

If only the One Ring didn't have to be destroyed. One day, he will tell his beloved brightness how he wept with Aule over its undoing, but today is not that day. Not when the best outcome was born from such a demise. Not when better undoing needs to be done. Not when he is Celebrimbor's consort with the sunlit trees the only witnesses. They needed nothing else.

"Here you go!" Celebrimbor says, holding out the blade, no longer rusted, no longer dull.

“This is what you do with regret,” Annatar answers as he takes the knife. Iron indeed, good as new, sharp, rusted dullness undone. It is back on the ground now only it shines in the daylight, contrasting the dark earth below.

A new witness to the eternal partners embracing.

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